A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, January 5. 1709.

I Have been observing a little the most unhappy Creature, this Island ever produc'd; and indeed of all the Monsters the whole Creation can show, whether inhabiting the Air, Earth, or Sea, I know nothing like him. *Egypt* is particular for Crocodiles, *America* for Rattle-Snakes, the *North-West* has its Bears, *Africa* Elephants, *Lybia* Tygers, *Guinea* Lions; but none of these can match the Human Monster I speak of.

Again, of Things in Human Shape; *Animal Bipes sine Plumis* according to *Plato*; *Guinea* has Negroes; *Asia* Turks; *Madagascar* and the *South* of *Africa* Eaters of Dung, and the Intrails and Offall of Beasts; *Florida* has Cannibals; *Brazil* human Sacrificers; *Norway* Wizards; *Lapland* Witches, and almost every Country has some Kind of *Man-brutes* or other; but none of these come up to the human Prodigy I speak of.

This Creature is a Thing with two Souls in one Body, two Faces upon one Head, two Pair of Hands upon the same Arms, two Pair of Feet on the same Legs——He has Eyes to look towards every Point of the Compass, and yet he is blind; Ears to hear every Sound, and yet he's deaf: He does not *look one way and row another*, for he looks every way, and rowes no way; he is Religious without Conscience, Moral without Honesty, Furious without Anger, and Sober without Moderation; he swears Faith to every Body, and keeps Faith with no Body—

He

He is a Son of the Revolution, but damns his Mother; he hangs by a bad Cauſe, but will never hang for a good Cauſe; he careſſes them he hates—abhors his Benefactors, and betrays thoſe that truſt him—— He renounces what he chooſes, abjures that he cleaves to, and damns himſelf if he keeps his Oath——When he ſwears to be true, you are to take him *Equivocally*, when he abjures *Ironically*, and when he declares himſelf *Hypocritically*.

This is your Swearing Jacobite; he owns King *James* with the ſame Breath that he abjures him, he prays for him when he ſwears againſt him, he ſides with him againſt himſelf, and with himſelf againſt his Country——He is a Juggler by Profeſſion, but is a Bungler at the Trade, for his Hands betray his Tongue.

But where is the Man, ſays the Reader? This is all upon poor Dr. *Sacheverel*, and it is hard to preſs the Man, when the Parliament has laid their Clutches upon him—Truly, Gentlemen, I did not mean this Man, tho' he has all along taken Care to tell you by his Practice, that the Coat fits him—— But I had done with him——— I knew, and told you, like my mad Horſe, he would run himſelf off of his Mettle—— And like my great black Dog, he would fright the Children, and at laſt *wake* the LANDLADY, and ſhe would call up ſome of the Servants to laſh him, and rate him to make him quiet——He has done his own Buſineſs himſelf, I have not prompted his Fate—— The Thing call'd for it, the *Houſe* of *Commons* are an awful grave Aſſembly; *little Crimes are below their Cognizance*; but when Things grow flagrant, when the Fury of Men make them mad, and the World is in Danger from them, *the Houſe muſt take Notice of it*, they cannot help it. The Man forc'd them to it—— *The Diſeaſe grew contagious*; for a Man to preach Treaſon, and preſume to ſay (without Authority it ſeems) that a *Lord-Mayor* of a City commanded it to be printed—and that againſt the Vote of the whole Court of Aldermen; theſe Things were gone ſo far, none but a *Houſe* of *Commons* could correct them.

And now he is going to pay the Equivalent for the *Shorteſt Way*, which originally deriv'd from the ſame Perſon; and you may all ſee, if the *Shorteſt Way* was a juſt Concluſion upon the Party or no—— I wiſh him milder Treatment, *more* and *leſs* Juſtice than I found in the Publication of that plain-dealing Piece—— *But let him know*, that the Honour of Parties will eminently appear in the Difference.

But pray let me ſtart a Difficulty here as to Parliamentary Juſtice; the *Doctor* is ſent for to the Bar of the *Houſe*, his Sermon is voted *ſcandalous*, *ſeditious*, and *malicious*, and full of Reproaches and unjuſt Reflections on the *Queen's Perſon*, on the *Government*, and on both *Houſes of Parliament*; and moſt juſt is the Sentence——With the *Doctor* is ſummon'd the Printer or Publiſher——And why is this done?—— To examine by whoſe Authority this Libel came to be publiſh'd. And here it ſeems, the Author had play'd the Trick of our modern Strumpets, who having gotten a Child in Whoredom, lay the Baſtard at honeſt Mens Doors. The *Doctor* having brought forth this ſpurious Birth, not content to have ſpawn'd a Monſter, but he muſt lay the Creature at another Man's Door; and dedicating his Libel to the Right Honourable My *Lord-Mayor*, begins with a moſt notorious Untruth, *Viz.* That his Lordſhip had order'd him to print it; *By your Lordſhip's Command this Diſcourſe ventures to appear in Print.* Did ever Man tell a ——— *How do ye call it?* —— in the Face of the World thus, at the very Introduction of a Sermon? Who could expect Truth in the *Book*, when there was none in the *Preface*?

And now behold the *Doctor* is detected, and that in the Face of Juſtice; for his Lordſhip ſtanding up in the Face of him in the very *Houſe* of *Commons*, declar'd, he never commanded any ſuch thing.

I know, there are malicious ill-natur'd People, who would pretend to doubt ſtill, whether he was commanded to print it or no. And an hundred baſe Things they ſuggeſt of the Ruler of the People; but I cannot pretend to ſuſpect a Perſon of that Honour and Character for Probity, as Sir *S.. G...* of ſo mean or cowardly an Action, as to concert with this ſcandalous Clergy-man for Leave to deny the Truth——— Nor ſhall

ſhall I enter any farther into that Matter. If the *Doctor* has made himſelf the *Scape-Goat*, he muſt *go into the Wilderneſs*, I ſee no Help for it; ſure it is in the Eye of the Law, he is now both Author, Printer, Publiſher, and Preacher—— And what will be the Iſſue, Time will ſhew.

But this is all *by the by*; my Deſign does not point out this Man in particular; if he points out himſelf, if he puſhes his own Fate, let the *Houſe* of *Commons* and Him alone with that: But I am in general noticing the horrid Abſurdity, that now is become the Plague of this Age—The Sons of *Satan* in the Robes of *Gabriel*, and the Darkneſs of Hell dreſs'd up in the Rays of Light. If theſe are not Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing, let them tell us in what Place they are to be found—What Paradoxes are theſe?

Jacobites ſwearing to the Government, that they may with the greater Security preſerve their Principſe, as *Jacobites*, abjuring the Pretender, in order to bring him in—and pledging their Faith and Honour, *ſenſeleſs Baubles*, to the Queen, the eaſier to betray Her.

And to make up the Farce, and compleatly to banter, as well as betray the Church of *England*, the Defence of *Jacobite* Principles, ſuch as Non-Reſiſtance, unconditioned, abſolute Obedience, *&c.* is taken up by the Clergy of the Church, who have ſworn Allegiance to a Conſtitution that ſtands upon a contrary Foundation—— And the Defence of the preſent Eſtabliſhment of the Church, and of the Revolution, Succeſſion, and Union, left to the wretched Sophiſtry of *Non-jurors* and known *Jacobites*.

What Days of Madneſs are we come to in this Age! And where will this end? If ſpeedy Courſe be not taken with theſe Furies, the Church of *England* will be brought to the ſtrangeſt Medley; her Friends won't know her, her Neighbours will forget her Name, and it will be hard to know where ſhe is to be found.

Profeſs'd *Jacobites*, open *Non-Jurors*, are really honeſt Men to theſe; they declare themſelves, we know who they are, and what to expect from them, and they deſerve to be treated honourably as Enemies— But theſe People ſet Religion with the Bottom upward; they preach to *ſeduce*, they conform to *deceive*, they abjure to *betray*, they make a Mock at Oaths and Abjurations, they make a Jeſt of Religion, and a Farce of the Sacred Office of a Miniſter.

Let any Man but read their Sermons, I appeal to the Stile, whether it becomes the Majeſty of a Pulpit, and the Solemnity of Preaching— Whether it has not more of the Bully, than the Biſhop? Whether it is not a Kind of Street-Dialect, fitter for the Kennel than the Church, and better ſuited to *Billingſgate* or the *Bear-Garden*, than to the Cathedral?—— Let any Man judge, whether the Rhetorick of them ſuits an Auditory met together to worſhip GOD, or whether they are not like the Orations made to the *Roman* Citizens, by the Tribunes or other popular Perſons, when they had a Mind to excite them to Tumults and Arms?— Let any Man judge of the Language of theſe furious Preachers, and tell me, if it looks like preaching the Goſpel—the eſpecial Part of their Office— or whether it be not more like a ſeditious Harangue to the Mob?

But I hope, the Government will now take an effectual Courſe to let theſe Gentlemen ſee, it is not always to be inſulted.

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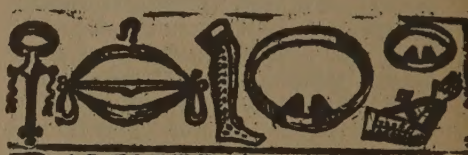

BARTLETT of *Goodman's-Fields*, whoſe Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Univerſal Eſteem, being Improv'd to ſo great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Truſſes of the largeſt Size, ſeldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the ſmalleſt rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are ſo well adapted to the ſhapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary eaſy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigneſs ſoever. Alſo divers Inſtruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be ſpoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his Houſe, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Preſcot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over againſt Cheapſide-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. *Chriſtopher Bartlett*, lives at his Houſe in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very ſkilful in the Buſineſs of her own Sex.